Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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☞ Letters must be post paid to secure attention.

Select Poetry.

From the Albany State Register.

Did'st ever ask the insect tattler what Katy really did to make such a stir in the world and give occasion for its everlasting song of "Katy did!" No! Well, we have and here is its answer:

THE KATYDID'S ANSWER TO KATY.

Oh, Katy, dear, you know you did, at midnight's silent hour,
Steal softly thro' the moonlight, to this my pleasant bower;
And here beneath its vines and leaves, by blushing roses hid,
You met the man you love, Katy, you did, you know you did.

And here you leaned upon his breast, his arm was round your waist,
Your hand was locked in his, Kate, and when he stooped to taste
The nectar that was on your lip, how gentle was he chid;
You loved to hear his whispered vows, you did, you know you did.

The moon was in the sky, Kate, the stars were watching there,
The gentle breath of summer night was sporting in your hair;
I listened to your words, Kate, though soft and low they fell,
I heard them every one, Kate, and if I would, could tell.

But never fear me, gentle one, nor waste a thought or tear,
Lest I should whisper what I heard in any mortal ear,
I only sport among the boughs, and like a spirit hid,
I think on what I saw and heard, and laugh out "Katy did."

I see among the leaves here, when evening zephyrs sigh,
And those that listen to my voice, I love to mystify.
I never tell them all I know, altho ugh I'm often bid
I laugh at curiosity and chirrup "Katy did."

I would not make you blush, Kate, your innocence I know,—
I know your spotless purity is like the virgin snow.
And yet you'd better not, Kate, altho' you think you're hid,
Steal to my bower by moonlight, as once you know you did.

Tales and Sketches.

THE BACHELOR'S MISTAKE.

Or, how Jonas Jenks was Astonished.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

The hero of our sketch we will call Jonas Jenks. A natural feeling of sympathy forbids our using his real name: and as he is an extremely sensitive old gentleman, he might not care to be made a subject of merriment for our readers.

Jonas Jenks was what all the world would call —a "clever fellow," but beyond that, his good qualities were few. He was looked upon with the same feeling that you would regard the stump of an old tree, that neither bore leaves to shade you in the summer, nor fruit to pay for its keeping through the winter. He was styled neither wise, useful, nor agreeable. He was not agreeable because he did not make himself entertaining to the ladies. He was not useful, for he never looked beyond his immediate personal wants: and he showed great lack of wisdom in living forty years alone when he might have been blessed with "God's best gift to man"—woman. He did not acquire wealth, because it needed two heads like his to make money and take care of it. He was ever dropping his buttons in the street, and spending money for pins: he wore his stockings without heels or toes, and a[illegible] from [illegible] washed dishes day by day, all for want of [illegible] energy to look around for a wife.

Still Jonas was [illegible] and at that age even, his friend Otis Barker [illegible] would make an excellent [illegible], who was [illegible] and still looking [illegible] bachelor in solitary abo[illegible] found him crouching ov[illegible] looking downcast and sad.

"Jonas," said he, "I think I know what ails you."

"What makes you think anything ails me?" gruffly replied the bachelor.

"Because you are not lively and happy. You are lonely and want society. No one can enjoy life without some friends. In short, *you want a wife*; and my advice to you is to get married.

"Ah, that is a very good advice, my friend: but I have got along these forty years without a wife, and I guess I shall have to finish out the rest in the same way."

"Because you have been a fool forty years is no reason why you must be a greater one for the next forty, or as many as you may live, which, I think, is quite as likely to be sixty."

"Hem!—well; (jesting aside) I do believe if I had taken a wife twenty years ago, I should have been quite as well for it now: but who would think of marrying an old fashioned man with the wrinkles on his cheeks of forty winters?"

"O, that is nothing against you. There is many a smart damsel who would jump at the chance to sign herself Mrs. Jenks."

"I don't want an old maid any how! If I ever do get a wife, I will go out of the family for her. If I could cage some sprightly lass of eighteen or twenty, I do not know but I might be tempted. But this courting business I know nothing about, you see. I could not think of putting on a dickey every Sunday night and sitting up straight till midnight. No, no. That would be paying too dearly for a thing in advance."

"Well, Jonas, I think on the whole that you are too lazy to live, if the truth was known." said Otis, as he turned on his heels to go.

"You do, eh? Well, stop a moment. I am up for a bargain. Come show me one of these nice girls who you seem to think are so plenty."

"Go and find them for yourself, as other men do. If you are pleased to visit my family, you will have the opportunity of seeing a great many young ladies. We have a great deal of company. I will introduce you to my sister, for one, and she will introduce you to others, and—"

"Enough. I will spend the evening with you this very night."

"Thank you. I shall be very glad to see you."

The friends parted, and Jonas' thick head was full of new ideas throughout the day.

At six o'clock he stood before his mirror—a triangular piece of broken looking glass—adjusting his dress for the anticipated visit. He had already tried on several dickies, had parted his hair in four different lines, besides having scraped nearly all the enamel from his tobacco stained teeth, and cutting his nails down to the "quick." The "cut" of his garments was rather old fashioned, to be sure, but by letting his pants down a little and buttoning his coat in front, to cover the vacancies that was lef between them and his very short vest, he fancied himself quite a dandy. By exercising more patience and perseverance than he had ever had occasion for before in his life, he was armed and equipped at half past seven o'clock, and on his way to his friend, Otis Barker.

Fortunately for his diffidence and awkwardness in company, there were none but the members of the family present, and he was introduced to Mrs. and Miss Barker, and enjoyed a very pleasant chat with them during the evening. Every movement of the young lady was watched by the bachelor; and before the evening was spent, he had made up his mind to seek no farther for a wife, provided the charming Miss B. could by any means be induced to be made the wife of Jonas Jenks.

She was just the model, just the style of beauty that he most admired. She was pleasing in conversation, free and graceful in her manners, and seemed to be in every way suited to make up for the sad deficiency of those qualifications in himself. That was the woman for him, thought Jonas, as he bade them "good night," at ten, with a hearty promise that he would certainly call again soon.

Had the night not been very dark, it would no doubt have been a cause of much querying and wonder to have seen the clumsy old bachelor tripping along upon the toes of his boots, and springing across the gutters with the agility of a "lark" but no one saw Jonas return to his lonesome home. He was blessed with pleasant dreams for the two succeeding nights, and on the third evening he again found himself in the society of his admired. At the close of his second visit, he went home even happier than from the first; for in addition to his increasing admiration of the lady—Miss Barker—he felt assured by her evident exertions to entertain him pleasantly, that his feelings were reciprocated. Mrs. Barker was no less attentive, and he could not but believe that his motives were anticipated with pleasure to all concerned.

One unfortunate circumstance, however,—to which parties were as yet strangers—must be named before going farther with the courtship. Owing partly to Mr. Barker's carelessness in introducing the ladies as his wife and sister, merely: and partly to the bachelor's confusion in confronting two women at a time, he had most unwittingly mistaken one for the other! As there appeared to be but little difference in their ages, and each seemed alike at home and familiar with the husband and brother, it would have been no easy matter for a stranger, at first acquaintance, to distinguish between them. They had the habit, too, of addressing each other by their Christian names, and the titles of Mrs. and Miss were not used for once in his presence.

The truth was, Jonas had been deeply smitten with Mrs. Barker, who was rather the prettiest of the two, and who, not suspecting the bachelor's error, strove with unusual interest to make matters agreeable in behalf of her sister in law.

Week after week passed away, during which time Jonas performed penance for his past negligence by "dressing up" every Sunday night, and endeavoring to make himself agreeable to the ladies: and when two months had elapsed, he had formed a "never to be got over" attachment to Mrs. Barker.

It was a cruel deception, but no one to blame, for no one knew of it. Mrs. Barker noticed that he often addressed her as Miss B., but knowing him to be rather illiterate, and unskilled in the rules of etiquette, she thought it might be a slip of the tongue merely, and considered it unladylike to correct him.

Jonas began to feel that suspense was unpleasant, and set his wits at work to frame a proposal to his lady love. At every previous visit, it had happened that the family were all present, and no opportunity had presented when he might "free his mind."

This last time, however, he was more fortunate. Mrs. Barker was alone, and informed him that Otis and sister had gone out to make a call, but would soon return. Jonas did express much sorrow at their absence, but smiled pleasantly as he seated himself very near Mrs. Barker, and remarked that she had no fault to find with his company.

Now was his time, he thought, but how was it to be done? At first, he thought best to open the subject abruptly, and have it over at once: but Mrs. B. kept on talking and chatting, and his embarrassment increased as he momentarily expected the return of Otis and his sister, which would oblige him to go home again without settling the question.

At length he summoned all the courage of an ardent lover, and commenced with

"My dear madam, forgive me for speaking my mind frankly, when I assure you that the happiest hours of my life have been spent in your society."

"Thank you, sir, for the compliment," said Mrs. B. "It gives me pleasure to see you in society. I am confident that you will enjoy life much better than in the retirement and solitude which you have so long suffered. Otis feels a deep interest in you, and as his friend, I shall always be pleased to entertain you to the best of my abilities."

"Ah hem! Thank you," blundered out the bachelor. "I am persuaded that a bachelor's life is not the happiest in the world, and if it is not too late, I propose to amend on the system."

"Ah—indeed! Then you think of taking a wife. I congratulate you on the happiness. May I ask who is to be the honored lady?"

"That is more than I now know, my dear madam: but allow me to say that I have never met with one whose charms inspired me with such esteem, such love, such irresistible fascination as *yourself!* All I have, and am, and ever hope to be, I lay at your feet! May I have the unspeakable felicity of looking upon *you* as my future wife?"

This was Jonas' "maiden speech:" and he felt relieved of a ponderous load when he "paused for a reply," and wiped the perspiration from his forehead! Mrs. B. looked confounded for an instant, then springing to her feet, she exclaimed:

"*Me* your wife? Your all at my feet! Mr Jenks explain yourself!"

Mr. Barker, who was just entering the door, overheard only the last exclamation of Mrs. B.

"What is the matter?" said he, rushing into the room, and gazing alternately at his wife (who leaned against the wall, looking like a maniac) and at his friend Jones, who sat on the edge of his chair, his hands upon his knees and his mouth and eyes as wide open as if he had just been shaken out of a visit from a nightmare!

"What does this mean?" again inquired Mr. Barker, with earnestness.

"Mean? Mean, sir? You know as well as I do," said the astonished bachelor. "Your sister appears to have taken a sudden fright at something—something—I—I don't know what!"

"My sister? That is my *wife!*"

"That your wife!" screamed Jonas. "Why have you deceived me thus?"

"No one has deceived you. If you have deceived yourself, that is not my fault, surely.—That is my wife! *This* is my sister," pointing to the lady who had just entered.

"Yes," said Mrs. B. "You have made a slight mistake, that is all. But no matter now, it is explained in season."

Jonas was struck dumb! He rose, seized his hat, made a low bow, and very shortly annihilated the space between the Barkers and his "bachelor's hall."

It was not many moments before he sat by a blazing fire, built of dickies, scent bags, white gloves, gilt-edged paper, curling tongs, tooth brush, and other *superfluous* articles for a bachelor's toilet, which lay in his way.

Of what he thought, said or did, after that time, we can give no account: for he was the same old bachelor as before—living alone, eating alone, sleeping alone, and keeping all his secrets within his own premises: but as Mrs. Barker chanced to be his *first love*, no doubt she was his *last!*

☞ We received the following yesterday from an "adventurous Californian:"

Dear Dutchy.—Here I am at last, out of money, out of health, and nearly out of breeches: for dinner to day, I whittled the table—in other words, pined for food! If you have a hammy knife to spare, please forward, and give me the first smell of good meat I have had since I left New York.

Yours, till to morrow, when I suppose, I will belong to the graveyard. [illegible] B.

McGuigan's Gulch, California, August 25, 1852.

People in a hurry to get rich, would act wisely by cutting out the above, and pasting the same on their hats or memory.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

MARRY.—Jeremy Taylor says if you are for pleasure, marry—if you prize rosy health, marry—and, even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

☞ The Cedars of Lebanon have diminished from a forest to a sacred grove, guarded by a priest and protected by a superstition. The prophecy of Isaiah has long since been fulfilled, and "Lebanon is turned into a fruitful field," "the rest of the trees of his forest are few, that a child may write them." The cedars of Lebanon scarcely occupy a space equal to two acres of ground.

From the New York Tribune.

HORSE MARKET EXTRA.

If anybody supposes there is no other horse market than that in Twenty fourth st. in this City, they are very much mistaken. That is a great place of sale of high bred, high priced horses: such as fast men drive in fast trotting style, or stylish Fifth av. coaches are drawn by. But that is not the market where clam peddlers, rag gatherers, carpet shaking Swill scavengers, coal carters, manure haulers, and night-cart drivers, are supplied with nags, adapted in style and price to their wants and wishes. There is such a place in this City, where every Saturday afternoon you may see such a congregation of "the tides" named above, with such a show of men and animals as would make the "World's Horse Convention" at Springfield, look like "a horse of another color." The variety, style, character and condition of the stock, cannot be exceeded. The location of the market is more picturesque than beautiful. It is held upon an open lot between Thirty seventh and Thirty eighth sts., near Second av., where there are no pavements to hurt tender footed animals. The ground is very dry when there has been no rain for a month.—There is a slight show of mud there at times.—The streets are in a transition state between being graded and not being graded. Many of the neighboring dwellings are of that rather peculiar and very common class scattered over the vacant lots and along the railway lines in the upper part of the City, which abodes we have heard are sometimes shared equally by children and pigs. They certainly appear very suitable to the latter.

The headquarters of the market is held in a rough board frame where more rum is drank during the progress of the Fair, than some of the horses could draw. We counted the drinks taken by one of the loudest-talking, reddest-faced members of the company in one hour, and found they only numbered thirteen—the fourteenth drink was taken just a minute and a half past the hour. The auctioneer appears to be the proprietor of the "clam peddler's horse market headquarters," and looks as though he could carry a large load of brick without interfering with his uprightness.

Preliminary to the opening of the auction, there was a general showing up of the stock in market. There were about one hundred animals, which by courtesy we shall call horses. The most of them were harnessed to wagons, carts, gigs, chairs and buggies, driven by black, white and mixed colored owners, all ready for a sale or a swap, and all busy showing off the high bred points.

The following is a little specimen of a by trade upon an old white horse that had evidently seen much service:

"Take him at $18: sure he is the cheapest horse in the market."

"I'm thinking he's broken-winded."

"Broken winded is it? Broken winded.—There is not a sounder horse in the market.—Here, John, give him a trot, and let the gentleman see that he is no more broken winded than himself. There's not a sounder horse in the market, baring he has but one eye, and a little stiff in his hind legs. There, now, do you see how he goes? You couldn't get a $40 horse any better than him."

"I'm thinking he'll not please me."

"You may have him at $15; and he can't be beat at a load. Look at him."

"I am sure his wind is wrong: he blows."

"Blows! would ye have a horse hold his breath when he breathes? If ye'll take him at $12, and he is'nt all I tell you he is, ye may be after bringing him back."

No doubt of it: but the customer thought it the easiest to leave him where he was.

The next we noticed particularly was a black horse, about 16 hands high, that was all very well till he turned tail to the buyer, and then the trade was up. We never saw a more perfect representation of a Shanghai: his legs were literally set upon his back bone—it was a show of legs and tail.

"Now, if you want a horse as is a horse, I'm your chap, old fellow. You shall have him for $40. He is a little thin, but just as good as ever for the business."

"What is that?"

"Removing the deposits. He goes in a night cart: but am going into the manure trade, and he is not used to day work, and I am afraid he [illegible] enough."

"What's your price?"

"You shall have him cheap as dirt; say $40."

He would not say that, but he did say forty shillings, and we thought him a very hard bargain at that. The auction was a specimen. About 20 horses were entered, for which fee is 25 cents: if they sell, a commission of 5 per cent. is added.

The auctioneer took his seat in the stand, evidently disposed to take the thing easy, and called for John Quin, who brought up a brown horse, 15 hands high, of a very uncertain age. He started a wagon at a pretty good pace, and then started a bid of $8. "Now ain't you ashamed to bid such a price for a horse like that? Look at him, he's a brick: kind, sound—heaves! no: no more heaves than you have—going at $8, $8 50, $9: worked hard all summer—if you had worked like that horse you would be thin: $10 going now, $10 50, $11—now I shall knock him down: $11 50, is that all—then I will knock you down. Sold, fork over."

The next was a chesnut sorrel, 15 hands high, and old enough not to be skittish: indeed he was warranted sound, kind and gentle, except one eye, but nobody had an eye for him, and he was ordered aside.

The next was the Shanghai black. The cunning boy upon his back managed to keep him head on to the bidder, until he got a bid of $8, and down went the hammer.

The next was a "tip top buggy horse," 14 hands, and in pretty good order. He started at $20 and stuck at $28 and backed off the track.

Another well made black, 16 hands, in good order, harnessed to a cart and warranted to pull 30 cwt. could only pull $20 out of any bidder, and so he was led to grass and give room for a flea bitten grey, 15½ hands, which, if not old, belied his looks badly. He was one of the had-beens, and was tastily harnessed to a trotting chair, but nobody would trot out over $12, and he was trotted off.

A really good looking pony horse, 14 hands, warranted young, started at $15, but stuck at $18 75.

A bright bay horse, 16 hands high, a large portion of which was legs, shown up in a buggy as something stylish, reached $47, and was then withdrawn without ceremony.

A sorrel mare, 15 hands high, well made and in fine order, hitched to a cart and warranted to work well, sold for $24. She was a good bargain. The last remains of an old black horse, that had drawn a negro's carpet-shaking wagon all summer, sold for $5. The owner said that he had done nothing and eaten less for two months, and he could not afford to keep him idle any longer.

A good many others were offered and drew bids from 25c. to $25 which were indignantly refused. A pretty good Jersey wagon sold for $10, and a fair looking old horse and harness complete for $12 more. So that a family might have got a carriage for $32. We were considerably amused by the efforts of one Jerseyman to buy a horse of one of his neighbors for a certain pile of manure, offering to throw in all that the said horse might accumulate in the course of the winter. In conclusion, we have to report the "up town" Horse Market very much depressed. If any of our readers are in want of a "hanimal," at any price between 20c. and $20, let them go to the great golgotha we have described.

Interesting Anecdote.

It is not long since a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house to obtain refreshments and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from a gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house. As the old man drove up, he observed that both of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by witches formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed, further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentleman was made to their number, most if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter to an eloquent harangue that had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed the same day a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and an able and warm altercation ensued, in which the merits of the christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said pro and con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the store of his own mind, or perhaps he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and now new energies are revolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with patriotic motion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was reflecting an argument which, (characteristic of himself,) no art would be "able to check, and no force to resist." At one of the young men remarking, that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, he whirled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed—"Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

"If," said the traveler, "a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, the amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed."

The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman, that he ever heard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture, there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

"An attempt to describe it," said the traveller, "would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams." It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no—it was Chief Justice Marshall.—*Winchester Republican.*

☞ The idea of happiness differs with different people. A fortune hunter once wrote to a fiend: "Congratulate me, Henry, for I am the happiest being in the world. I married yesterday, and will soon reach the scene of terrestrial bliss—lots of money and a fool for a wife."

Young America.

"If you're coming why don't you come along." So 'Mose was wont to say, aforetime, and it embodies a good bit of practical philosophy. Every new engine shrieks it—every new railway is a record of it—every line of telegraph exemplifies it—every medium of advertising illustrates it. The saying originated in the 'Bowery' may be, but it is destined to be a cosmopolite. It began with individuals; it is going on with nations: it will end with the world.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along!" It is uttered in almost all tongues, in almost all lands. It has rung around Christendom: the iron bedstead of Procrustus has been left behind, with the torch and fagot. It has sounded like a slogan through the political world, and the 'old fogies' are among the baggage wagons and the wounded.

It has electrified the realm of literature; prose is becoming the living voice of humanity, and poetry its echo. The old Ramage press has given place to the cylinders whirled by the panting engine: that thought that moved at a funeral pace now rushes on in a tremendous charge.—'The old guard, and Marion's men' were nothing to it.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along."

"Six paces to the front" is the word to every body and everything that wants to be listened to or looked at. If you have anything to say, say it: if you have anything to do, do it: if you want anybody to see something, show it. "If you're coming, why don't you come along."

It used to take six men to make a pin, now one boy, a pull, a clip and two strokes for the business.

Once, cradles rocked the grain for the garner, now, a whirlwind on wheels cuts, threshes and bags it in a breath.

Once fathers and mothers had the precedence by a few years: now, belles with dolls, and beaux in pinafores, distance the "old folks at home," and take up the cry of the world. "If you're coming, why don't you come along!"

Once they crossed the Atlantic in a hundred days: now, let them exceed ten, and hails them from the land's end, as they heave in sight, "If you're coming, why don't you come along?"—*New York Tribune.*

The Thief and the Dutchman.

A Dutchman once called upon Friend Hopper, and said:

"A tief have stole mine goots. They tell me you can help me, may be."

Upon inquiring the when and the where, Friend Hopper concluded that the articles had been stolen by a man who he happened to know the police had taken up a few hours previous. But being disposed to amuse himself, he inquired very seriously:

"What time of the moon was it when the goods were stolen?"

Having received information concerning that particular, he took a slate and began to cypher diligently. After a while he looked up, and pronounced in a very oracular manner:

"Thou wilt find thy goods."

"Shall I find mine goots?" exclaimed the delighted Dutchman: "and where is de tief?"

"Art thou quite sure about the moon?" inquired the pretended magician.

Being assured there was no mistake on that point, he ciphered again for a few minutes, and then answered:

"Thou wilt find the thief in the hands of the police."

The Dutchman went away, evidently inspired with profound reverence. Having found his goods and thief according to prediction, he returned and asked for a private interview.

"Tell me dat secret," said he, "and I will pay you a heap of monish."

"What secret?" inquired Friend Hopper.

"Tell me how you know I will find mine goots, and where I will find de tief," rejoined he.

"The plain truth is, I guessed it," was the reply; "because I had heard there was a thief at the police office with such goods as thou described."

"But what for you ask about de moon?" inquired the Dutchman. "You make figures, and den you say you will find de goods. You make figures again, and den you tell me where de tief is. I go, and find mine goods and de tief just as you say. Tell me how you do, dat, and I will pay you a heap of monish."

Though repeatedly assured that it was done only for a joke, he went away unsatisfied: and to the day of his death he fully believed that the facetious Quaker was a conjurer.

☞ Hear the Dayton Gazette again. The editor will have much to answer for in the good time coming, when Women's Rights shall rule the day:

"If a young woman wishes to have herself published as "fascinating, beautiful and accomplished," let her pack up her best clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back up stairs window some dark, rainy night, and elope with the man that feeds and curries her father's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments: but it will bring them just as sure as a dirty rain-barrel will beget mosquitoes. In fact, we never knew a woman to make a fool of herself, in any way, without enhancing her charms two or three hundred per cent. by the time her case got into the papers."

☞ A Traveler in England observing a peasant at work, and seeing that he was taking it remarkably easy, said to him, "My friend, you don't appear to sweat any." "Why, no, master; six shillings aint sweatin' wages."

☞ The man who couldn't "trust his feelings," is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.